

Seven Green Parrots

Nits

Seven little parrots in a tree outside
The colours of their feathers change like traffic lights
Snowflakes are falling on the ground
A feather is whirling without a sound

Sometimes in a dream I walk a snow-white street
I can hear somebody whisper underneath my feet
A needle is scratching rupper soul
In the ice on the river there's a big black hole

Now that I am looking at this naked tree
I feel every branch is a bone inside me
The boy who is climbing without a sounf
The man who is standing on the ground

So seven green parrots are flying away
The leave me in the grey light closing down this winters day
The snowflakes are falling on the ground
A feather is whirling without a sound.